

T H E  
HOLLAND NIGHTINGALE,  
O R

The Sweet Singers of Amsterdam;

B E I N G

A Paraphrase upon the Fable of the Frogs fearing that the Sun would Marry.

By J. O.

**L**ow-Country Provinces, *United Bogs*,  
Once *Distress'd States*, now *Hogen Mogen Frogs*,  
(Royal and Noble Interest gone) Command,  
Grown formidable both at Sea and Land :  
Who but a Century of Years before  
Dabled in Fishing, despicably Poor,  
In seamless Vessels, Troughs cut out of Logs,  
Catch'd Whiting-Mops ; now *Gogs* and *Gogmagogs* !  
In stately Pines new Constellations raise,  
Ploughing up Billows two and thirty ways ;  
Through boyling Brine, and Cakes of crufted Ice,  
For Gold and Silver, Ivory, Oyl, and Spice ;  
What Straights, Gulphs, trending Bays, spare they to  
By Water to take in the Universe ? (perce,  
Are they with Force not able to Invade ?  
No matter ; They'l undo the World by Trade :  
Four *Frogs*, two *Tod-poles*, and one greasie *Toad*,  
Deep freighted Vessels bear from Road to Road.

Whom now a consternating Panick Fear  
Dejected much : The *Sun* will Wed they hear :  
The News from *India*, worse than Plague or War,  
Brought and attested by a Blazing Star.  
To *Pigmy* Inches these Gygantic *Frogs*,  
Pale Terror shrunk : Summon'd from all the Bogs,  
Hopping or crawling they in Clusters came  
Up to their prime *Morraß*, their greatest *Damm*.

There the new *Stat-houfe* stands, built fair and large  
For their own Profit, but the Peoples Charge ;  
Where they on all Emergencies of State,  
Or private Business, in Convention sate.

No *Portico* this Modern Building fac'd,  
Within no ancient Princes Figures grac'd ;  
Nor Grandfires with their Nets, such were too Poor  
To stand with Besoms there behind the Door ;  
Who for their own *Good-Old-Cause* Martyrs dy'd  
By Hemp, or by more zealous Faggots try'd :  
But Gods and Goddesses in Marble Carv'd,  
Or finely Painted, which the *Heathen* serv'd,  
In all the *Niches*, each convenient place,  
In Stone or Tables the fair Structure grace.  
But yet for all their Skill, these *Belgick Toads*  
Made *Upsie-Dutch* Heroes and *Grecian* Gods.

Early this day assembled Old and Young,  
The *Damm* they cover, and the *Stat-houfe* throng :  
Silence comanded, not one whispering Croak,  
An old Sag-bellied *Toad* rising, thus spoke :

Grave *Hogen Mogen*, *High and Mighty Frogs* !  
Whose Care and Prudence fertiliz'd these Bogs,  
And so improv'd these your *United States*,  
Princes to *Beard*, and be with Kings *Cope-Mates* ;  
Though we from *Mushrooms* sprung, and *Spawn of Toads*,  
Seven petty Provinces our small Aboads,  
Yet the whole World are Tributaries made  
To us, by Traffick and the Power of Trade.  
Hereafter we by Conquest may prevail ;  
Our Title *Treasure*, and ten thousand *Sail*.  
Your *High and Mighty Toadships* understand,  
We fear no mortal Power by Sea or Land ;  
Such are our Forts, such Frontiers we maintain ;  
And such our Castles floating on the Main.  
But from above the dreadful News we hear,  
The *Sun* will Marry, a just cause of Fear ;  
And the first Year please his fair Spouse at home :  
What in his absence will of us become,  
That live in Water, and grow fat in Bogs ?  
We shall be stil'd once more, *Distressed Frogs*.  
His Absence will our Marshes in a trice  
To Crystal turn, a never-thawing Ice.  
Or should we scape such a continued Frost  
As girdles up nine Months the *Arctick* Coast,  
His teeming Spouse may yet produce a Son,  
Shall quite out of the beaten *Zodiack* run ;  
So un-experienc'd drive his Father's Chair,  
That soon to Fire hee'l rarifie the Air ;  
Water and Earth to Dust and Ashes turn,  
And all in one new Conflagration burn.

They tell how *Phaeton* our ample Bogs  
To Jelly boil'd ; stew'd *Tod-poles*, *Toads*, and *Frogs*  
In one *Pottage*, and *Pluto* gave, who swore  
He never tasted Broth so Rich before.  
Many such Yonkers may spring from his Loyns,  
And share his Houses, twelve Celestial Signs ;  
And they may Wed, have Sons, and Daughters too :  
What in this Imminent Danger shall we do !  
To what *Protector* shall we make address ?  
All know that *Neptune* this concerns no less ;

Such Drinking *Suns* would at one Meeting quaff  
(were there so many) twenty Oceans off.  
Him to implore lay by next Sabbath-day,  
We're no such *Jews*, nor *Christians*, but we may :  
He heard us lately, when a swelling Tide  
Imbodied, threatned o'r our Tow'rs to Ride ;  
And, soon as mov'd, with his great Trident came,  
Beat off those Waves that Storm'd our yielding *Damm* ;  
Which had they batter'd but nine Inches higher,  
We had not liv'd, Ruin to fear by Fire.

This said, Oh wondrous ! the Foundations quake,  
And the stiff Idols, fix'd in Marble, shake ;  
When *Neptune*, where he did in Triumph ride,  
On a rich Shell, his Cheeks fresh Sanguine dy'd ;  
His Trident waving then with Arms displai'd,  
Thus, to the People much admiring, said :

*Batavian Frogs*, Advanc'd by my sole Power,  
Whom *Jove* first Planted from a Thunder-shower,  
Fear not the *Sun*, nor at his Offspring shake :  
To the last Drop I'll Drain my ample Lake,  
My Warry Kingdoms Laver into Suds,  
To quench their Torches : To the *Stygian* Floods  
I'll *Titan* send, and all his fiery *Tits*,  
To Light their Lamps, and to regain their Wits.  
Lay idle Fears aside, he'll never Wed,  
Nor Plant a Female in a Flaming Bed.  
Suspect no Conflagrations from the *East*,  
But a new *Sun* that riseth in the *West* ;  
His Flames beware ; His kindled Vengeance shall,  
Unless you straight submit, consume you all ;  
Whose Predecessors rais'd you to this height,  
From Him, *Ungrateful Toads* ! expect your Fate :  
His Royal Brother Leads, upon the Main,  
A hundred floating Cities in a Train,  
With Fire and forty thousand *Hectors* big.  
In vain so many Vessels out you Rig :  
In vain your Forts and your Land Force you brag,  
Stoop, or be ruin'd, to the *British* Flag,  
That must, and ever shall, give Laws to you ;  
The World, at Sea, they're able to subdue.

This said, their God grows Pale, and with a Groan  
The Statue leaves, once more, a senseless Stone.

M O R A L.

*Princes beware to Aid a Growing State,  
Lest they be first that give you the Check-Mate.  
Wealth and Success turns Humbleness to Pride :  
Beggars on Horseback to the Devil ride.*